

The COMMONWEAL

VOLUME XLVII

October 17, 1947

NUMBER 1

THE WEEK	3
GOOD NEIGHBOR, IRISH STYLE	
Nora Meade Corcoran	6
BLUEPRINT ELECTION	9
G. E. R. Gedye	
TO ELIAS THE PROPHET (Verse)	
Jessica Powers	9
COMMUNICATIONS	
Peace in Jail—My Favorite Professor—	
French Catholics and Communism—Black	
Week in Argentina—Universal Military	
Training—Parcels to Germany	
THE STAGE	16
Kappo Phelan	
THE SCREEN	17
Philip T. Hartung	
THE LABOR MOVEMENT	17
John C. Cort	
BOOKS OF THE WEEK	18
I Distinctly Remember—Saint Thomas	
Aquinas	
THE INNER FORUM	20
For the Good of the Whole	
Sister M. Marguerite, RSM	

THE COMMONWEAL is indexed in the Reader's Guide, Catholic Periodical Index and Catholic Bookman. Founded by the Calvert Associates, Inc., in 1924 with Michael Williams as President and Editor.

Published weekly and copyrighted 1947 in the U.S.A. by The Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc., 386 Fourth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. Murray Hill 3-9685. Entered as second class matter February 9, 1934, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. U.S. and Canada \$6 a year, Foreign \$7. Single copies 15c

EDWARD S. SKILLIN, Editor

PHILIP BURNHAM, Executive Editor

C. G. PAULDING, Managing Editor

Associate Editors

John C. Cort, Anne Fremantle, Gregory Smith

Kappo Phelan, Theater Philip T. Hartung, Cinema

Corresponding Editor

Harry Lorin Binsse

Advertising Manager

John Brubaker

Socialization Overseas

THE NOTORIOUS inability of one nation to understand another is painfully apparent in the remarks of some of our traveling Congressmen who have been making copy for the papers. Speaker Joseph W. Martin, Jr. of Massachusetts, speaking in California, demanded more evidence that the people of Europe "are doing their best to help themselves." This is an unhappily familiar jibe which easily results in returning Americans to their natural lethargy as far as other peoples are concerned and settling them back in the well-insulated midst of their own immediate private interests. Yet, in so far as it is true, demoralization constitutes a strong argument for more aid.

Even our Eastern seaboard, with its comparatively high sensitivity to foreign news, needs constant reminding to keep the American stake in Western Europe (let alone the plight of our friends and fellow-men) in view. All other belittling references, pale before what came out of the Berlin, Germany, press conference of Representative Taber of New York, tight-fisted Chairman of

the House Appropriations Committee. After visiting a half dozen countries in Central and Eastern Europe to observe current conditions, he not only insisted that he had seen no "underfed people," but declared, "I do not think the people of Europe generally are taking things as seriously as they should."

There are indications that other Congressmen in Europe have been more perceptive of the well-documented state of things, but if living conditions are so misleading to certain visitors right on the scene, how much more difficult is it to grasp something as complex as foreign political tendencies or social structures. And, therefore, in our natural tendency to project elsewhere our own approach and the American way of doing things, we fail sufficiently to appreciate that because of the war, anti-Axis sentiments, extreme poverty, an already more advanced state of socialization, and other reasons, the people of Europe have gone much farther to the Left than we have. American material aid in actuality or in prospect is not going to cause these people to retrace their steps.

Take the meeting of the British Conservative Party at Brighton earlier this month. By a virtually unanimous vote it endorsed the advanced "industrial charter" drawn up by its younger members. As the London *Economist* recently said in reference to the national program of maintaining nutrition, national health service, increased school facilities, the extension of social insurance and other elements of the present British system, "not a single item would have been substantially different if Mr. Churchill had been in office." All this is not to pretend that the Tories and the Laborites have identical social programs, but rather to point out the substantially greater degree of socialization which is accepted in England by all hands than is the case in the United States. (Anthony Eden's program for the Conservatives, handsomely applauded at the Brighton meeting, opposes any further nationalization, for one instance, while the strong minority element led by Aneurin Bevan, in the Labor Party, would go far in the direction of the one-party State.) Moreover, France, the Low Countries and others on the Continent are also much farther along the road to socialization than the United States.

The argument thus far is that Americans should recognize the politico-economic system in western Europe for what it is. That we should seek, with confidence in our friends, to bolster the system which they have developed to meet their circumstances—confining our advice to such matters as productive techniques. Simply to demand that the ill-nourished work longer and harder, or to call for a capitalistic type of management, where we assist in industrial rehabilitation is footless on our part. If we will remember the ancient tradition of freedom in these countries, we can be confident that if our assistance is substantial and intelligent enough, they will not resort to the tyranny which desperation brings. Surely the na-

tions subscribing to the Marshall Plan are deserving of that much confidence.

Finally, we should make a clear distinction between accepting a certain socialization which is an accomplished fact in other lands and advocating a like degree here at home as desirable in our circumstances. We should think twice before seeking out a system of centralized controls which came about in other countries due to exigencies which we have been spared. Freedom of the human person, individually and in community, should be a yardstick for every social change. In the many areas where this is not guaranteed under our present American set-up the deficiency should be remedied—for example, social security should be extended to those economic groups which are not yet covered. But confidence in European socialists and social democrats should not confuse us to the point of advocating socialism as a goal for the United States.

An American Domestic Program

SO MUCH hinges on America's ability to maintain her prosperity in this embattled world that many things which should be seriously attempted for their own sake have a twofold reason for their planning. What some of these projects are has been most ably indicated recently in the *Survey Graphic* by A. A. Berle, jr., formerly Assistant Secretary of State, and now Chairman of the Liberal Party.

In Mr. Berle's opinion, "Most liberals regard it as a plain crime that modest expenditures have not been made to draw accurate plans and specifications for a considerable number of . . . projects. Were a depression to be threatened tomorrow, six months or a year would be needed to do the blue-print engineering so that work could actually start. The cost of doing this elementary work now is small. The cost of doing it and keeping several million men on unemployment relief or dole, while the plans are being drawn would run into staggering figures . . ." His whole article is based on the now widely accepted assumption that in the common interest the government must step in when private capital stops flowing. "Capital can go into cold storage, but human beings cannot remain unemployed without terrible consequences. . . ."

What are some of the things that greatly need doing in the United States which, at the same time have a strategic role in forestalling another depression? When government lending to private enterprise proves unequal to meeting a threatened slump, "certain great resources can be developed on a regional basis as a combined means of employment, production, consumption." Specifically Mr. Berle refers to such well-tried projects as the development of river valley systems (TVA) and the rebuilding of our cities, with low-cost housing of sufficient quantity, parks, playgrounds and

other socially useful facilities. As he says of this and other imaginable constructive projects, "None of this is boondoggling." He maintains that political liberals, especially when the public debt is high, prefer, for these and other projects, "to find ways of using private accumulations wherever possible; but they will not abandon a project rather than use government credit . . ."

Mr. Berle's program should be persuasive enough to appeal to members of both major parties as well as to the members of his own distinctly localized political group. But the problem is how to dramatize such a program to the point that it would win votes. How can adherents of such essential and constructive ideas enlist enough public enthusiasm to overcome the citizen's too focused self-concern and the organized opposition of economically potent private interests which, in their shortsightedness, believe that such activities would work to their detriment? That is one of the most crucial problems which confront us in the United States.

Big Show at Licking River

A REMARKABLE road show, called "Opening of the Second Frontier," was produced out in the Ohio country along Route 40 by the Licking County Soil Conservation District and the Ohio Soil Conservation Service. It was a smash hit, with 50,000 spectators in the audience. The stage was 208 acres of run down farm land, "cupped in a little amphitheater formed by a creek flowing into the Licking River."

The action of the play was the accomplishment during the single day of four years' soil conservation work. A new farm pond was created, gullies were filled, the land was given contour plowing, new fences were put in, following around the ground levels and not arbitrarily chopping them up. They enriched the soil with 875 tons of lime and 45 tons of fertilizers; they planted legumes and rye and wheat; they put up a new barn, steel quonset type.

During the course of the show, also, a plaque on a granite boulder was unveiled, honoring H. H. Bennett, who has been the head of the Soil Conservation Service since it was founded.

The sponsors of the demonstration consider they are building a second frontier because they are discovering and making available a new level of production on the land we have, now that there is no new land in the country to open up.

The work is not usually as fast and dramatic as it was at Licking River. Mr. Bennett, speaking at the occasion, said:

Last year the Soil Conservation Service helped farmers in their own districts to apply soil conservation to something over 20,000,000 acres of land. Within a few years we expect them to be treating between 40 and 50,000,000 acres a year.

According to this schedule it will take about twenty years to get all the farm and range land under a system

of conservation farming. About 90 per cent of the 1,000,000,000 acres of farm and range land needs some kind of conservation treatment if it is to continue to produce . . . During recent years farmers have applied conservation to about 100 million acres.

The land treated in the show belongs to two farmer veterans. The value of the two farms about doubled last October 2. Good show.

In Hollywood and Nowhere

THE LETTERS of Father Dunne and Oliver Carlson in the Communications columns further along in this issue are interesting for their information and explanation covering a definite, here and now, special condition in Hollywood. The correspondence is closely concentrated on the people and problems fighting in the IATSE vs. CSU movie battle. It's surprising, however, how little change in argument and conditions could make the issue debated in these letters into a general, almost ideal, case, whose problems arise at innumerable stations between Los Angeles and this East Coast.

Now, to depersonalize the problem, to eliminate our correspondents (for this lesson only); perhaps to make it a personal affair for one and all, let us go algebraic:

Nowhere, there is a Mr. X. He is confronted by a situation Y. This situation is roughly: In a certain immediate industrial dispute, the weight of justice inclines clearly and definitely toward party A and against party B.

But the A side is supported with great vigor and tenacity by group NG, persons who follow communism. In the over-all picture, whatever power and influence NG develops is utilized to further communist totalitarianism and to injure liberty, peace and prosperity. In situation Y, NG is using, as it were, good means for a bad end.

B side, on the other hand, is supported by group ST ("stupid," the schoolboys call it), who have no really definite economic or political or social ideas. ST does want vaguely to stop all this communist and revolutionary business, and does favor, in a meatless sort of way, the onward and upward march of good and solid Americanism. In this particular situation of course, ST wants to win an unjust point as a requisite to laying out NG and all the other de-tranquilizers on the other side.

So our Mr. X finds himself, we should think, with three and maybe four choices:

(1) He may support A. This serves the immediate and clear justice in the strictly restricted present. At the same time, this choice sacrifices the health of the general situation, because the sinister NG gains power and influence and position to use for communism.

2) Mr. X may support B. This aids the wrong side in the close case, but clips group NG all in all. So this choice does an initial injury, but com-

bats communism and builds up the position of ST, while leaving the social-economic (political, moral and religious) way open for reform.

(3) Perhaps Mr. X, resenting the miserable choice between what looks like a bad near act for a good far aim, or a good act for a bad end, might decide to take up residence in a remote place.

On the evidence presented, many publicized "labor situations" appear to offer these choices—not only to the outside citizen whose moral support the contestants constantly seek, but also to the deeply engaged managers and working men and women. There are the capital versus labor issue, and also the union versus union, and the faction versus faction within union issues which often appear to be moral and tactical dilemmas.

It is interesting, if that sort of thing interests you. For the most part, practically, it is true, we make our choice lightly, inclined by causes well below the top of our consciousness, with our peace of mind defended by a pat formula or by diversion into narcotic, if sterile, escape.

Some people claim that Mr. X has a fourth choice. The problem must be to keep the contests and issues and so the dilemmas from arising, or to withdraw persons from the Y situation when it does come up to block us. The definitions rule out the solution of totalitarianism: that everybody in the economy have an identical status under one total boss, individual or institutional, the leader or the Party. Some people go, rather, in the opposite direction, claiming that "decentralism" can prevent the development of these hard situations. These persons should hurry fast to make the case more clearly and more fully than it has been made thus far. The amply widespread willingness to put a plague on both the houses is a good enough symptom of the unpopularity of the current political economy and of the will of many, many citizens. One needs, however, a more elaborate description of the cure.

Can Be Understood by All

1. Use no meat on Tuesdays.
2. Use no poultry or eggs on Thursdays.
3. Save a slice of bread every day.
4. Public eating places will serve bread and butter only on request.

These are the President's, which he asks us to "keep always in mind." We shall do our best, and we know that to them, each can add a number of his own. A good one we suggest, for instance, is saving on liquors made from the distillation of the cereal grain, and drinking wine. Importing wines from France, Italy, Spain, Portugal and other foreign countries would relieve dollar shortages and conserve food. And New York, California and other state wines are wonderful; they are produced in beautiful places; they take the pressure off Kansas.

Good Neighbor, Irish Style

NORAH MEADE CORCORAN

IT MAY seem a bit naïve to pin one's hopes for a nation's salvation on a voluntary movement as young as *Muintir na Tire*, particularly when the nation in question seems as set on race suicide as Eire does today. But there is something about the simplicity, practical charity and common sense of the Very Rev. J. M. Hayes and his organization that makes one feel a panacea has at last been found for Eire's fundamental ills. They weren't all, as the Irish themselves well know, due to the English invasion.

There is a popular fallacy that the Irish are mystics. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Like all imaginative people, the Irish are dreamers, which is a horse of a very different color. When in 1946 I went back to Dublin which I still tend to call home despite my American citizenship, it seemed to me all through my six months' stay that my countrymen were as dazed as sleepers who had been aroused by a sudden rude shock. Though officially standing aside from the global struggle, they were inevitably caught in the backwash of its conflicting tides before they had had time to draw breath and consider just where they were situated themselves. Gone was the old comforting Celtic twilight, with its visions of a future glorious freedom, and in its place was a hard, glaring noon summoning them to take up its burdens and its heat.

Their immediate reaction, it seemed to me, was to rush for comfort to another old dream—the dream of a better life beyond the seas. Certainly not even in the worst days of the oppression were they emigrating any faster than they are now. The present total population of the territory known as Eire is 2,949,713, and it is steadily declining at a rate which I heard most conservatively estimated at 2 percent per annum. Though the country has more men than women, which is a most unhealthy sign in one so old, the emigration of women between the summer of 1946 and 1947 rose 81 percent.

During my stay, Rev. Cornelius Lucey, of Maynooth Seminary, summed up the national prospects in a speech he delivered to the priests' summer school of social study in University College, Galway.

"Ireland," said Father Lucey, "is the Irish people. It isn't land or timber or anything else. It is the living Irish people. Consequently, as long as we are pushing our people out to England and to France (he might have added the USA), so

long are we dying as a nation." The government's only answer to this exodus was an occasional sermon on the hardships of life abroad, about which, naturally, its members know very little. I can personally vouch for the fact that life is cheaper even now in New York than it was in Dublin six months ago, and for an American the fuel shortage makes it almost unbearable in cold weather.

Father Hayes wants the people to stay at home, too, but he wastes no time in discussing the subject, for he believes the solution to the problem lies in keeping them comfortable, busy and contented in their own country. That is the practical purpose of *Muintir na Tire*.

The basic purpose of this organization which he founded fifteen years ago, is to promote a social order based on Christian charity and not on sordid selfishness. When he was asked what the name meant, he said it could be summarized in the Irish word, *muintearas* or neighborliness. He said he had made it a rural movement primarily not only because the bulk of the Irish people are rural but because he felt the countryside presented the best sphere for the practice of the community spirit. Without a good local basis of *muintearas*, he claims, you cannot have true nationhood.

"National ideals," said Father Hayes, "can be so vague that the mere preaching of them will often suffice without action to satisfy the conscience of the speaker."

Those who have suffered from the vague, vain-glorious, longwinded oratory of the politicians, will certainly agree with Father Hayes.

The unit of organization selected by Father Hayes was the parish guild. It consists of all the adults, male and female, in the parish who wish to join. First of all, they are invited to a meeting and asked to select a parish council. The guild thus becomes an electoral body, but it has to meet not once but many times a year to consider parochial affairs and advise the council. So that the council shall be truly representative, the guilds are advised to divide into sections representing the different vocations in the parish. Each section should have a delegate on the council. In this way, responsibility is distributed to all who are willing to take it.

"Those who are not willing to accept responsibility, don't deserve the name of citizens," bluntly declares Father Hayes.

You need no formal invitation to join a guild, and, even if you miss the first meeting, you can join later. Any guild that wants to be affiliated with its fellows in other parishes, can become so through the agency of the National Executive Committee of *Muintir na Tire*, the headquarters of which is in Tipperary. Father Hayes, now parish priest of Bansha Co., Tipperary, is chairman

of the National Committee which includes some forty members, all chosen by their own parish councils. The main function of the national executive is coordination and inspiration of the local work, which it directs, advises and stimulates, using organizers when needed. There are now some one hundred guilds and councils, operating in twenty dioceses, all having the enthusiastic approval of their bishops.

"Would that we had a virile, active branch of *Muintir na Tire* in every parish to teach our people cooperation for the good of the individual and for the good of the whole island," cried the Lord Archbishop of Tuam, addressing the annual meeting of the Tuam parish guild.

And, though the organization's work is eminently practical, as we shall see, it is on this psychological byproduct that I mainly pin my hopes. Many of Father Hayes's ideas bear a striking similarity to those of the late Sir Horace Plunkett, whose Irish Agricultural Organization Society still lives and flourishes. But Sir Horace was a Protestant, a Unionist and spoke with an Oxford accent, all of which laid him open to abuse. Father Hayes claims that the IAOS work is complementary to that of *Muintir na Tire*, and he was one of the few who hailed its golden jubilee in 1944. He will permit none of the animosities that tore the Irish asunder fifty years ago and that, in some places, still do today. His road is perhaps a little smoother for his predecessor's paving of the way, but it would still be hard to find a country in which there is less impersonal cooperation than there is in Eire. Some Irish wit once said that the jaunting car or side-car, as the natives call it, is an ideal vehicle for the rank individualists who inhabit the old Island of Saints and Scholars.

"We ride," said the wit, "with our backs to our friends and our faces to the world."

Now it is a priest with a brogue who is telling the Irish they had better about-face. And, before we look at the day-to-day job of Father Hayes's guilds, it may be well to consider this aspect of the work. Perhaps the most remarkable thing about *Muintir na Tire*, now I look back on my six months' visit to Eire, is the fact that I never heard it mentioned either in Dublin or Tipperary where I spent most of my time, unless I brought the subject up myself. Then it was always met with a warm smile of pleasure, and no one had a word to say against it. But a subject on which everyone is agreed, offers no chance to the wit to show off. It doesn't permit even of that lowest form of wit, the wisecrack, which is a weapon of great popularity socially in Eire. So commonly is it used that even the mildest of the clergy indulge in it, as I well remember, for it was a wonderful old Canon who impressed this fact on my mind. He was ad-

ressing a group of farmers on the subject of the government's latest agricultural edicts, and telling them what they should do. I don't know whether they had asked for his advice, but they were certainly getting it, almost in the form of orders. When the Canon sat down, one of them, looking distressed, rose to his feet.

"But, Canon," said he, "only the other day Father So-and-So was telling us just the opposite."

The Canon fixed on him a baleful eye, crying:

"Ach! when some of those young men were ordained, the Holy Ghost was absent."

That brought a roar of laughter but little enlightenment, as is too often the case in Eire. Well, the Canon is now dead, but he was a grand and just old man, and I have no doubt he would concede the presence of the Holy Ghost when Father Hayes conceived the idea of organizing parish guilds. The work they do may seem pitifully humble to an American, but it is practical, and there is no better cure for idle dreaming than a simple job of work. Recently, the jobs seemed to be divided roughly into three categories—fuel schemes, agricultural work, and social and general work.

★

Fuel is an acute problem all through Ireland. Even the best turf or peat has only about fifty percent the heating capacity of coal, and there is no coal. These days the turf is rarely of the best. What you often get is locally known as "scrawns," which practically means grassy sod. Moreover, in the abnormally wet weather prevailing during my stay, the fuel was sodden with rain. In the old roomy Dublin house where I had once been so comfortable, the big kitchen range stood empty and unused, which meant there was no supply of hot water. Electricity and gas were strictly rationed by the simple method of fining anyone whose bills showed they had used more than the legal amount. They had to be used for cooking and lighting mainly. Often the turf dealers had nothing to deliver, and you had to borrow a basket from a neighbor in better luck. The country, of course, was better off than the city, if you had either your own supply or good neighbors, preferably members of *Muintir na Tire* guilds.

In one parish, through the cooperation of the guild members, a fine supply of turf was distributed at forty-four shillings a ton, which is low, and, through the generosity of one parishioner, the guild also got enough timber to provide 130 families with a ton each. Another guild, by co-operative action, saved the community one hundred pounds on its fuel bill. A third managed to purchase 360 tons of standing timber which the members felled, cut into blocks and distributed at only thirty-five shillings a ton. These are all

just samples of simple self-help which made homes warmer, purses heavier and neighbors more friendly. The psychological results were equally sound. Consider the case of the purse-proud "Mrs. Jamsie" who had always considered herself a cut above her neighbors and never wanted to be " beholden " to anyone for a favor, much less those " tinkers of Fentons . " Mrs. Jamsie has no turf of her own and no one to fell her timber, now her husband is dead and her only son disabled. But she is a member of the guild, where, to the Fentons and their ilk, she was known as " ould tuppence half-penny , " because, they said, she looked down on her " tuppenny " neighbors. Well, like others, Mrs. Jamsie needed help with her fuel problem, and she got it from the Fentons. At first she was " heart-scalded and mortified , " but in time she changed her mind.

" Sure I rashjudged them , " she said, at last. " They're a bit wild sure, but what's that? You wouldn't find a cl'aner or decenter troop of boys than those same Fentons in a month of Sundays . "

Equally effective in teaching cooperation and common sense is the agricultural work of *Muintir na Tire*. In one Limerick parish, the guild organized an allotment scheme, procuring nine and a half acres which it divided between sixty-three plot-holders. Those who could not pay were given free seed to the value of one pound. The average yield was eight tons of potatoes per acre. Now the same guild has fifteen acres divided between one hundred and twenty plot-holders.

★

The Social and General work whose aim is to instruct and entertain the people, includes such activities as ceilidhes or socials, the organization of libraries, whist drives to provide funds for winter amusements in parochial halls, lectures on such national problems as unemployment given by professors, senators and their ilk and open to the public, the showing of *Muintir na Tire*'s own educational travel films, concerts and parties in the homes of members, sports events and dramatic productions by amateur companies.

As an earnest of the value given by these companies, I quote my old friend Ria Mooney, former Abbey Theatre actress, ex-associate director of the Eva LeGallienne Repertory Theatre in New York and now director of the Gaiety Theatre School of Acting in King Street, Dublin. It was through Ria's intervention that Dublin this year saw her old pupil, Burgess Meredith, and his wife Paulette Goddard in their own production of " Winterset . " She is an enthusiastic cohort of Father Hayes and, when I last saw her, she was making a tour of some southern guilds to help in their theatrical productions.

" The Irish , " said Ria, " are natural actors, and they have beautiful mellow voices. Besides they've never been contaminated by cheap taste

in the theater, so all they need is a little encouragement and occasional direction . " They are getting both from the parish guilds and Ria, which means lots of fun in the winter months for members, their friends, and the community.

Ria Mooney is a good example of the type of people attracted by Father Hayes's work, to whom he gives free rein in developing their own ideas. There is no one willing to help whom he and his followers don't corral, if they can, not only to promote the work of the local guilds but also that of the National Executive Committee.

This committee has many projects of its own. One is a Loan Fund Scheme to finance such items as the distribution of free seed to those who can't buy it. Another is a Cooperative Film Society, in which the public are invited to buy shares of one pound. The Fund has now a few thousand pounds in the treasury, which came from its guarantors. The *Muintir na Tire* films are being shown all over the country. Then there are the *Muintir na Tire* Summer Schools of Agriculture for boys, given usually at Pallaskenry, and there are Summer Schools of Domestic Economy for girls, given at St. Michael's College, Dundrum.

Though he does not use the slogan of the late Sir Horace Plunkett, Father Hayes might well adopt it as his own. It was " better farming, better business, better living "—and he might add " better fun . " And he is luckier than Sir Horace in another way, for he has the help of the government which now is Irish, and there is no department on which he is afraid to call. For example, the Irish Fisheries Board " got the cooperation " of *Muintir na Tire* in arranging for the sale of fish in areas where fish had not been available. And recently Father Hayes, P.P., of Bansha, was able to announce to his parishioners that the quasi-government Electricity Supply Board of Dublin had plans for the electrification of the whole area.

" It is our hope , " he said, addressing a meeting in the Bansha Parochial Hall a couple of months ago, " that before long we shall have established all over the parish home industries in which girls will find employment by their own firesides instead of emigrating to get it . "

As I read that item this summer in an Irish paper, I could not help but think of three emigrants from the Gaelthact (Irish-speaking district in the West), who crossed with me on the *America* early in 1947. They were young, strong, intelligent, industrious, with all the native courtesy and courage of the Gael. And their clothes might have come from an exclusive sports shop, for they wore of lovely homespun tweeds. At first they presented to their fellow-passengers the dead-pan expression of the peasant, which so often conceals fear, suspicion and shyness but which is misinterpreted as stupidity. Then one

day I surprised them all talking Irish, and their faces were gay, eager and friendly. When they found I had learned Irish in my college days, they took me into their confidence. They were all going to New England to "enter service," the Irish phrase for domestic employment. They were counting on getting jobs through old family friends, and they showed neither fear nor pleasure at the prospect facing them. **On one thing** they were firm—they could not work in an American city.

"Ah! sure we couldn't stand that at all, at all," they agreed.

When I asked them why they had left home, which they obviously had not wished to do, they said simply:

"Sure you have to have something to live on, and there's nothing in our parts."

Maybe some day they will go back, and when or if they do, it is to be hoped that they will find *Muintir na Tire* guilds awaiting them rather than the "luxury hotels" for foreigners which are now being erected at enormous expense by the Government to accommodate the tourists who fly the Atlantic for a summer holiday. True, the tourists are bringing money into the country, where the banks are already stuffed with idle pounds. There seems to be no lack of money today in Eire, which inevitably recalls a couplet written by an exiled Irishman of the 18th century:

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay.

That is why I pin my hopes on *Muintir na Tire*. It finds men more important than money, but it knows they can't live in the dark vacuum of a deserted Irish village.

To Elias the Prophet

This is the edge of time; this cliff encounters
The valleys of the measureless unknown.
I like to come here in the night alone.
I like to seek this arched and alien window
And leaning into rarefied pure air
Utter my heart to him who dwells out there:
"My father, my father, the chariot of Israel
And the driver thereof,
Reach down and take for God this tortured heart
Too weighty with its love."
He who was swept by fire to time's suspension,
Yet to be slain and in the judgment tried—
Is he not closer to our human pity
Than the impassible beatified?
And can my prayer be weakened if I stand
And cry for mercy from a mortal hand?
Here I touch space that borders the Eternal.
Here undistracted by the clock's poor rhyme,
I stand, an emigrant of earth whose place
Is nearer heaven, being near to grace,
And hold my heart out, over the sill of time.

JESSICA POWERS.

Blue Print Election

G. E. R. GEDYE

ON THE Saturday following the Hungarian elections, I sat in blazing sunshine on "Heroes' Square" at Budapest at the feet of the communist leader Matyas Rakosi, to hear this adroit spell-binder turn dismal failure into glorious victory. His huge communist audience of— he said—a quarter of a million who had marched complete with banners and a number of coffins labeled "Pfeiffer" from their places of employment, rewarded him with the usual choruses of "Hail Rakosi!" Rakosi had given foreign correspondents evidence enough of the sardonic humor with which he could evade awkward questions and stand facts on their heads. He must have extracted much bitter amusement from the resounding paeans of triumph of his followers against whom four-fifths of the Hungarian electorate had voted.

True, with a million votes they were the strongest single party, but four others—the Catholic "Democratic Peoples" Party of Barankovich, the Smallholders, the Social Democrats, and Pfeiffer's anti-Communist, conservative Party of Independence, in that order—had scored between 718,000 and 805,000 votes *each*. True, the communists had achieved two of their aims—the smashing of their bourgeois ally in the coalition, the Smallholders (who at the last election had 57 percent of the total votes and this time got only 15.1), and the forcing of their Socialist ally into second place after the loss of nearly 100,000 votes, with only 17 percent to the Communists' 21.8.

The communists had to resort to large-scale fraud, falsification and some terror to gain even 21.8 percent. From the ashes of the Allied Smallholders' Party have arisen the two strong new parties of Pfeiffer and Barankovitch to form the backbone of an opposition whose electoral support has increased from 13 to 40 percent. The Coalition, in place of 87, can now only claim 60.4 percent of the votes. This may be regarded primarily as the answer of the Smallholder electors—mainly conservative—to communist tactics in first driving so many deputies out of the party in the last Parliament that it lost its absolute majority and then putting a group of fellow-travelers—Dinnyes, Ortutay and Mihalyfi—at the head of the party.

It was a natural reaction of a party of conservatives to leaders imposed from without who behaved like communist stooges. Secondarily, it was probably one answer of many rank-and-file disgruntled socialist adherents to what they regarded as similar behavior by some of the leaders of their erstwhile party.

Another such answer was a large part of the 100,000 votes cast for the Radical Party of Karolyi Peyer, the veteran Socialist leader who was expelled from the party because of his hostility to the alliance with the communists. There is no other explanation of the big increase in Socialist Party membership, coupled with a serious decline in its electoral support, save for one which the communists will hardly advance—the fraudulent disfranchisement of Socialist electors. The latter are not appeased by Rakosi's ingenious suggestion that this was the work of "fascists" in this communist-dominated country.

There was plenty of evidence for those who chose to see it of advance preparations for the electoral frauds of August 31, which were carried through by multiple communist voting with the famous "blue certificates." A new provision was introduced into the electoral law, allowing persons absent from their usual residences to vote wherever they might be on election day on production of a certificate from the electoral commission that their names were on their home register, from which they were then deleted. It was supposed to be surrendered on voting. It has been officially admitted that 500,000 of these were printed on the orders of the communist-run Ministry of the Interior. They were watermarked and practically unforgeable. In various local Socialist headquarters I was shown large quantities of these which had been taken from traveling communist voters by Socialist guards. Up to 150 were often found in the pockets of a single person. Some 700 motor-lorries, as well as special trains, carried these communist "pluralists" all over the country, voting as they went.

Rajk, the communist Minister of the Interior, ordered that nobody arrested for electoral frauds was to be searched or detained in police stations, but was to be handed over at once to his own political police. One of the few concessions the Socialists could secure after the election was the release of party functionaries whom Rajk had had arrested for exposing the frauds and the suspension of disciplinary proceedings which he had ordered against any policemen who had searched the multiple voters. Pre-election Socialist efforts to combat the anticipated swindle by a proviso that non-residents should be allowed to vote only during one fixed hour were nullified by Rajk. The Socialists estimate that over 200,000 such certificates were in illegal possession of the Communist Party. It is not surprising that foreign correspondents failed in their efforts to induce Rajk to hold a press conference.

Rank-and-file Socialists, as well as the Opposition, were saying openly a couple of weeks before the elections that these frauds had been planned. Actually, the communists offered a large supply of "blue certificates" to certain So-

cialists to induce them to participate in the frauds. The offer was rejected at once, but evidence of it has been placed in safety under seal. It is unlikely ever to be produced in view of the final decision of the executive not to yield to the widespread demand among the rank-and-file for an open breach with the communists and their undemocratic proceedings.

To allow for plural voting by the communists on such a large scale other electors had to be removed from the lists or figures given to make the electoral roll appear greater than in fact it was. Both methods were employed and, in addition, steps taken to insure that all genuinely absentee electors or last-minute voters were impersonated by communists with "blue certificates."

Several weeks before the election, the first batch of disfranchisements was announced—the figure officially admitted was 470,000. It included fantastic cases of Jews disqualified as "Volks-Germans" or "pro-fascists," managers of great public concerns as "mentally deficient," and communities of nuns and respectable old ladies of 60 and more as "prostitutes." This left the register with 5,293,987 voters. The day before the elections, it was announced that 113,000 appeals against disfranchisement had succeeded and that the final register total was 5,407,893.

But there was something very wrong with these figures, for it was admitted that there had been a second wave of disfranchisements, not allowed for in this final total. All information concerning the number of these was refused to the press, and they were described as "unimportant." Actually they were enormous, as the non-communist parties have been able to check up. In Budapest alone, 10,000 names vanished on the second disfranchisement. Three weeks before the elections, when Premier Dinnyes gave out figures of the electoral roll—which had, of course, been supplied by Rajk—these showed an increase of 600,000 in the 22 months which had elapsed since the 1945 elections. The birth-rate increase averages only 36,000 per year, so that even allowing for the return of tens of thousands of refugees and POW's, Rajk's figures must have been devised to provide a useful surface to cover several hundred thousand "blue print voters."

★

The anger of the Socialist functionaries and rank-and-file to whom I talked on election day was intense. So was that of the executive that same night. They felt a real fear that the many clashes between Socialists and Communists might quickly develop into civil war and provoke drastic action in support of the communists by the Red Army. The Socialist Minister of Justice, Ries, resigned and his colleagues stayed away from their ministries on a "sympathetic strike"

for several days. The question of denouncing the whole election and petitioning for its cancellation was debated in the executive, which even considered withdrawal from the Coalition.

Delegations from factories poured into party headquarters with similar demands; some asked also for the resignation of Arpad Szakasits, Zoltan Horvath, Paul Schiffer, and others held responsible for persisting in the alliance with the communists which had cost the party so much. But during this period of hectic debate and recrimination, various leaders of the Socialist and other parties were summoned to see the Russian High Commissioner, General Sviridov. Any idea of denouncing the elections or of a break with the communists was definitely ruled out. Szakasits was confirmed in his leadership. The anger of the men in the factories had not been appeased, but the party executive is convinced that Hungary's geographical and political situation make continued "close cooperation of the sister workers' parties and the good will of Russia a *sine qua non* for the party and the whole country."

"British comrades sometimes ask how they can help us," one member of the executive told me gravely. "They can't help us, unless it be by understanding that the path we follow is the only one which is open to us." But it is tragic for their friends to watch that path leading to the loss of voting strength, internal dissensions, and ever more cavalier treatment by the contemptuous communists.

Certainly the strength of conservative reaction revealed in the election has alarmed Hungarian Socialists as well as communists, and has disgusted the Russians. The first communist reaction has been to promote the opposition leader Pfeiffer—50,000 of whose votes mysteriously disappeared between the first and second count—from a mere "reactionary" to a "fascist," despite the fact that he worked together with Rajk and Szakasits during the war in the underground movement against the nazis. Conservative but democratic himself, he can hardly be blamed for the votes given him (among others, who are said to have included anti-communist Socialists) by the many unregenerate fascists in this country which is in its democratic infancy with a hoary feudal and recent fascist past. But there are many signs that it predestines him to become the Hungarian Petkov.

The ballot in Hungary was secret and the polling peaceful. It only remains for the usual chorus of fellow-travelers to tell us that other forms of electoral corruption and terror are unimportant; that democracy may be essential for the superior American and Briton, but is superfluous for mere "natives" of Eastern Europe, and that the rest of us should shut up and be content to admire the economic progress made in building a Communist Hungary.

Communications

PEACE IN JAIL

Los Angeles, Calif.

TO the Editors: In your issue of June 20th you published a lengthy article entitled: "Peace In Jail," by Rev. George H. Dunne. The picture of the labor situation in the motion picture industry as portrayed by Father Dunne, and above all, his almost rapturous description of Herbert Sorrell, leader of the communist-dominated Conference of Studio Unions, as "a diamond in the rough" and possessing "certain of the qualities which to me are a reflection of genuine holiness," gave your readers a very lopsided view of the whole situation.

Father Dunne is, of course, fully entitled to his opinions. But since the article he wrote for THE COMMONWEAL has been widely publicized and reprinted out here in California by Mr. Sorrell's organization, I feel your readers must be given some additional details about both Father Dunne and Mr. Herbert Sorrell.

In the first place, Father Dunne is not a mere interested observer of the long and bitter labor conflict which has raged in Hollywood for the past two years. Instead, he *has been and still is* an active participant on behalf of the Conference of Studio Unions (CSU) and its spokesman, Mr. Sorrell. He is a special pleader for this group, working in close and continuous touch with them. THIS HE FAILED TO MENTION IN HIS ARTICLE—AND BY SO FAILING HE DECEIVED YOUR READERS.

Here are my proofs for the above statement:

The CSU News of July 12, 1947, quotes excerpts from letters of Father Dunne to Herbert Sorrell, telling of the effectiveness of his COMMONWEAL article. It also reports (in heavy type) that Father Dunne "is now in the East, and while there, is expected to contact prominent people in our behalf."

At a CSU meeting (for members only) held July 13th, 1947, in the Hollywood Carpenters Hall, Sorrell reported that he had received a telegram from Father Dunne, "who was in Washington making all possible contacts" to aid their organization. He praised Father Dunne very highly for the good work he had done for the CSU and commented, jocularly: "We communists are a happy group of people and ought to invite Father Dunne here to preach to us in return for everything he has done for us."

At the next meeting of the CSU, July 16, another CSU official, Charles Sproul, made the report instead of Sorrell, who was absent.

Sproul reported that Sorrell had told him he talked long-distance with Father Dunne in Washington. The CSU, he said, *had sent Father Dunne to Washington to make contacts on its behalf*. He reported Father Dunne as saying he had talked with Lindeloff and Hutcheson (presidents of the AFL Painters' and Carpenters' Unions, respectively) during the executive board session, as well as with Senator Taft and Congressman Hartley. Dunne had reported he was leaving the next day for New York

to see Joseph Schenck and Cardinal Spellman.

A week later, on July 23rd, at another closed meeting, James Skelton, another top CSU official, reported to the members that "the reports coming from Father Dunne in New York have been most encouraging." Father Dunne, said Skelton, had been given a list of names by the CSU to contact. Dunne had reported having met with most of these people and had given them very convincing talks on behalf of the CSU.

For many months prior to his trip East, Father Dunne was a featured speaker at almost every big rally staged by the CSU; and he was quoted at length and with approval by the CSU *News* and the *People's World* (Pacific Coast daily of the Communist Party).

On Sunday night, February 1st, 1947, Father Dunne and Vincente Toledano, the well-known communist leader of the Mexican trade unions, were the featured speakers at a huge mass meeting staged by the CSU. At this meeting, Father Dunne began his talk as follows (I quote from the CSU *News*): "Speaking here on the same platform with Mr. Toledano is like coming into the Big Leagues. I cannot help but feel that I have stepped out of my class."

A month later, on March 9th, at a similar mass meeting in the Olympic Auditorium, Father Dunne was again given top billing along with Phillip Connelly (Secretary of the CIO in Los Angeles), ex-Congressman Ellis Patterson, radio commentator Avril Berman and Herbert Sorrell.

Connelly, Patterson and Berman have long pro-communist records, which have been well documented.

"Slim" Connelly, Ellis Patterson and Herbert Sorrell have religiously followed the twists and turns of the Communist Party line for years. During the time of the Stalin-Hitler Pact these three were loudly berating the war against Hitler as "just another imperialist struggle." They denounced President Roosevelt as a war-monger. They set up a special ticket in the Democratic Presidential Primary of April, 1940, to defeat Roosevelt. This California ticket was headed by the above-mentioned Ellis Patterson. Both Connelly and Sorrell were on the list of delegates supporting Patterson—a list including many other well-known communist fellow-travelers.

A report in the *People's World* of Friday, April 12, 1940, declared that Father Dunne's saint-like friend, Herbert Sorrell, had just been elected president of the California Labor's Non-Partisan League, which, it said, was beginning its year's program under the banner: "THE YANKS ARE NOT COMING!"

Mr. Sorrell denies that he is communist, but his record of more than ten years past shows him always to be consorting with them and never with anti-communists. And Father Dunne, during the past year or more, has been consorting with Sorrell, Connelly, Patterson, Berman, Toledano and a host of other well-known communists and fellow-travelers.

If Father Dunne can square the teaching of Christianity with Soviet communism; if he can make saints and heroes out of those who would destroy the Catholic Church; if he can defend power-hungry men who have caused untold

hardship and suffering to thousands of workers in the motion picture industry—then his article in *THE COMMONWEAL* deserves praise and commendation. If not, then it should be branded for what it is—skilful but vicious propaganda.

OLIVER CARLSON.

Santa Cruz, Calif.

TO the Editors: I shall try to be as brief as possible in answering Oliver Carlson's letter. It would be nearly sufficient simply to tell you who Carlson is.

Carlson is a writer of sorts. He has also tried his hand at labor organizing. I am told that his expense accounts were so considerable and the fruits of his labor so negligible that this phase of his career did not last very long. He has also had political ambitions. When he sought the Democratic nomination in the 20th Congressional District, Herb Sorrell, a Los Angeles County Democratic committeeman, was among those who opposed his bid for the support of the county committee. The reason Sorrell opposed him was that Carlson admitted having held a Communist Party membership. The committee rejected Carlson. He resented this. He ran for Congress anyway and polled very few votes. You will now understand why Carlson dislikes Herb Sorrell.

Now a few comments about the several points made by Carlson in his letter:

1) Of course I am not "a mere interested observer" of the Hollywood labor conflict. I have never pretended to be. I have left no doubt in anybody's mind about where I stood and I have no talent for standing on the fence. What does Carlson think the Hollywood conflict is? A game of cricket? Thousands of people have been locked out of their jobs for twelve months and more. Hundreds of them have been the victims of months' long mass trials. People have been suffering. I do not know how to play the rôle of "a mere interested observer" at the spectacle of people suffering.

More than a year and a half ago I began a study of the Hollywood labor situation. I have continued my study and observation ever since. These have convinced me that justice is on the side of the Conference of Studio Unions. What does one do when one is convinced on the basis of evidence that justice lies on one side and injustice on the other? Remain neutral? I am incapable of this kind of immorality. I have supported, actively and openly, the side on which justice lies. I am "a special pleader" for truth and justice. Our contemporary society, shot through with a perverted sense of values, exacts a high price from anyone who openly defends truth and justice. I hope that I shall always be willing to pay the price.

Whether my judgment of the merits of the Hollywood dispute is correct or not is another question. I cannot in the space of a letter give the evidence upon which my judgment is based. In the recent Congressional investigation into the Hollywood labor dispute I presented that evidence in summary fashion. It took me an entire day on the witness stand to do so. I refer Carlson and any of your interested readers to the official transcript of the

hearing where they can find out why I believe the CSU is right.

The investigation in question was superficial. The committee chairman was excessively tender towards the producers. He did not permit the subject of Willie Bioff or of Bioffism in the IATSE to be discussed. Yet most of the roots of Hollywood's labor trouble are to be found in the producers' policies and in the kind of trade unionism introduced into the IATSE by Willie Bioff. Despite these weaknesses, the testimony at the hearing established beyond question the truth and justice of the position I have held. The evidence is there now for anyone to read who really wants to know the truth.

2) With reference to my trip East: Carlson can read, in the same transcript above-referred to, a full account of my trip East given by myself. I have made no secret of it. I went East for the specific purpose of trying to persuade William Green to enforce the AFL Executive Council order and thus return the locked out workers to their jobs. I also talked with Congressmen Hartley and Kearns and with the lawyer for the House Committee on Labor and Education.

I have nothing to do with what Sproul or Skelton or anyone else may have said at CSU meetings while I was in the East. I did not talk with Lindeloff or Hutcheson or Senator Taft or Joseph Schenck or Cardinal Spellman. I never had any intention of talking to Taft or Schenck or Cardinal Spellman.

3) Carlson will also find in my testimony at the Congressional hearing a full discussion by me of my appearance on the same platform with Toledano. (Nearly all the items in Carlson's letter were obviously supplied him by the IATSE leadership with which he evidently has close connections—or vice-versa. I was questioned on all these matters at the hearings by IATSE counsel. Even the quotes are the same.)

Yes, I spoke at the same meeting with Toledano. Or rather, Toledano spoke at the same meeting with me. Toledano happened to be in Los Angeles attending, as an official delegate, a meeting of a section of the International Labor Office, formerly an affiliate of the League of Nations, now an affiliate of the United Nations. Someone asked Toledano to speak at the regular Sunday night CSU membership meeting. I had already agreed to speak at this meeting.

I am not afraid of communists. I do not run the other way when they appear. And, though I am neither a communist, nor a fellow-traveler, I do not hate communists. My religion does not permit me to hate anybody, or to fear anybody or anything. It is really a wonderful religion. It is too bad so many Christians understand and practice it so poorly.

Neither do I believe in allowing communists or anybody else to determine what causes I may or may not espouse or to decide whether or when or where I may appear at meetings to defend a cause I believe in. Neither will I concede to Toledano or to anyone else the exclusive privilege of defending the victims of injustice.

So I appeared at the meeting. I made a single reference to Toledano in my speech. It was nothing but a

genial recognition of the undeniable fact that Toledano (president of the Latin American Confederation of Trade Unions, vice-president of World Federation of Trade Unions, delegate to the International Labor Office) is a world figure. Toledano and I may be poles apart on the level of religion, politics, philosophy (though I do not know whether or not he is a communist.) This does not oblige me to be ungracious or lacking in urbanity. On the contrary, my religion permits me to be neither.

Just in passing I might remark that there was nothing in Toledano's speech that night which savored even remotely of communism.

4) I cannot here go into a discussion of Slim Connelly, Ellis Patterson and Averill Berman. Let's stick to Herb Sorrell. About the others I may here simply say again: When an issue of justice is at stake I do not believe in being driven away from the defense of justice merely because other people with whom, on other questions, I may widely differ happen to espouse the same cause.

5) With regard to Sorrell: It is false that he denounced Roosevelt as a war-monger. It is false that he joined in an effort to defeat Roosevelt in 1940. I have in my possession a photostatic copy of a citation signed by Edward J. Flynn, Democratic National Chairman, paying tribute to Sorrell for his unstinted support of Roosevelt in 1940.

It is true that Sorrell was opposed to intervention in the war. In this he agreed with millions of other people in this country of the most divergent political opinions and affiliations (including, if I mistake not, the editors of THE COMMONWEAL, though not including myself who was an interventionist.) In 1940 Sorrell allowed his name to be used on a slate backing a Patterson delegation to the Democratic Convention, not opposing Roosevelt but only for the purpose of getting a peace plank in the Democratic platform.

The question is never whether one happens on this or that issue to hold the same opinion that the communists chance to hold, but whether one's opinions are at any time dictated by the Communist Party. Sorrell has not "religiously followed the twists and turns of the Communist Party line for years," though on specific issues and at various times he has agreed with it.

Sorrell spoke on national hook-ups twice in 1940 in support of Roosevelt and was bitterly criticized by communists for doing so.

In 1945 Sorrell took his people out on strike in the face of strong communist opposition. The Party line at the time was faithful observance of the no-strike policy.

In the current Hollywood conflict the communists have for months bitterly opposed Sorrell and his policies.

Anyone familiar with the Communist Party knows that under the system of so-called "democratic centralism" no communist EVER opposes the party line.

Permit me one further remark anent communists and communism: The kind of trade union leadership introduced into Hollywood by Willie Bioff and his henchmen has made more communists than the Party could ever have hoped to make.

6) Carlson's concluding paragraph is an insult to the

intelligence and is so much hog-wash. I am not taking lectures from Carlson on the incompatibility of Christianity and Soviet communism. Unlike Carlson I did not have to join the Communist Party or visit Russia before waking up.

Throughout the Hollywood labor dispute the leadership of the IATSE has attempted, with considerable success, to obscure the real issues involved by an unremitting red-baiting campaign against the opposition. Willie Bioff introduced this technique. His successor in Hollywood has perfected it. He has had lots of collaboration from people like Carlson.

Last March Monsignor John Devlin and Reverend Thomas Coogan, appointed by Archbishop John J. Cantwell to investigate the Hollywood labor dispute, answered the red-baiters. "The strike is neither communist-inspired nor communist-directed," they said in their official report.

The Reverend GEORGE H. DUNNE, S.J.

MY FAVORITE PROFESSOR

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: I have noted, during the past seventeen years, a curious law: whenever people are annoyed at me, they discover that I am a Professor.

My Professorship was the crux of a *PM* editorial by Max Lerner on "The Struggle for the World." Joseph Starobin based a long review in *New Masses* on this same point—though he bolstered his case by reporting that I have been seen driving a black Buick. Having established that I was a Professor, it was child's play for Lerner and Starobin to make the deduction: therefore Burnham is a war monger; he advocates immediate war with the Soviet Union.

With these precedents, I did not find anything unusual in the comments by Jonathan Titelescu Fogarty, published in your issue of October 10. He makes the same deduction from the same premise—though he has added the result of independent research on his part: my attendance at Princeton.

The polemical method common, in this instance, to Lerner, Starobin and Fogarty, hardly lends itself to refutation. May I, then, merely add that it is not true that I favor a declaration of war against, as Fogarty puts it, "Mr. Stalin" (I assume he means the Soviet Union). That what Fogarty has said is as false as his three *COMMONWEAL* articles are silly, can be checked by all that I have said or written.

JAMES BURNHAM.

FRENCH CATHOLICS AND COMMUNISM

Bethany, Pa.

TO the Editors: At the end of this clear, serious and well-informed article of Robert Barrat, there is a paragraph reminding the Americans that they too might have to re-think their society. But it is all so tactful and polite that I would put in a good bet that many American readers will only remember the other paragraph where Barrat explains that this proletariat business has nothing to do with them. The proletariat! In Europe. Only. And Barrat proves it by the usual cliché: "An American workman, if he so wills, can acquire private

property, cultural achievement, and reach important managerial positions." O shades of Henry Ford! O familiar obligato of Republican gatherings! But already, some months ago, Barrat had astonished some of us by coming out in *Témoignage Chrétien* with a description of St. Patrick's Day Parade as a religious procession.

Well, as I said, it may be all fact, or the frequent French difficulty of seeing Americans as they are and not as the French imagine them to be. But for us, here, there is no need of being Tactful or blind about the proletariat question, and we all know, as Bloy put it, that "proletariat, like tears, belongs to all people and to all times." And this includes America at the present time. If the word is not used in this country, it is not because there is no proletariat, but because, either the proletariat does not know it is a proletariat, or it cannot stand to face the fact that it is. Whether Barrat knows it or not, and, of course, he does know it, a gold shackle is still a shackle and a rope is still a rope no matter how lengthy.

And I am *not* a communist.

CLAIRE HUCHET BISHOP.

BLACK WEEK IN ARGENTINA

Buenos Aires, Argentina.

TO the Editors: I have just seen a copy of *THE COMMONWEAL* with my article about the Argentina Black Week printed. I'm afraid the translator has not done a perfect job, because I did not write in Spanish that Representative Sanmartino had been expelled from the Chamber, but that he would have been expelled if the Peronistas would have succeeded in their struggle to get two-thirds of the votes. They did not, so Sanmartino is still a deputy. Of course, the Peronistas believed that their reluctance to vote sanctions against Sanmartino was an act of magnanimity, but the real point is that they were not able to get the sufficient number of votes.

Please inform the readers about this, because I want my articles to be one hundred percent accurate. The rest of the translation was very good.

ERNESTO LUCIANI.

UNIVERSAL MILITARY TRAINING

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editors: The War Department has for several years been engaged in a campaign for universal military training in which they have made certain claims. One claim was that universal military training would make unnecessary a large standing army. In spite of this, the Army-sponsored bill, H. R. 4278, states specifically that all military personnel detailed for duty with the "Compulsory Military Training Corps," be "in addition to and in excess of the authorized strength allotted to the Regular Army, Navy, and Marine Corps."

The Army also claimed that boys drafted under such a law would be in training and not in service. Nevertheless, the Army-sponsored bill provides that at the end of six months most boys will go into the National Guard or some other reserve component. Section 109 of the bill provides that nothing "shall in any way limit or prohibit the call to active service in the armed forces of any person who is a member of a Regular or Reserve component of the armed forces."

In other words, boys who went into the National Guard or any reserve component instead of staying for another six months in army camps could, without an Act of Congress, be called into the armed forces.

Much publicity appeared in the press about the experimental UMT camp at Fort Knox. For example, no prophylactics were issued and no intoxicating liquors were sold. Likewise, boys were tried by trainee courts rather than officers. However, the Army-sponsored bill and the House Armed Services Committee which considered it, rejected amendments which had been placed in the hands of every member of the Committee by a national women's organization. The amendments provided that no prophylactics should be issued, that no intoxicating liquors be sold to any trainee or officer or enlisted man engaged in the training, and that any trial be handled by a trainee court instead of, as the bill provides, "by five officers of the service."

The Army bill is very different from the proposal described by Army publicity.

ALONZO F. MYERS

Co-Chairman

National Council Against Conscription

PARCELS TO GERMANY

Notre Dame, Ind.

To the Editors: Despite the food and supplies sent to Germany, and despite the help of Catholic as well as non-Catholic organizations, living conditions in Germany have not improved to any great degree. Articles of daily need, from needles to shoes, from hosiery to soap, are extremely scarce; in some regions they are practically unobtainable. In a particularly difficult situation are those who have only a comparatively small income and are dependent upon their salaries. These include scholars, intellectuals, teachers, the clergy, writers and other persons of the greatest importance for the reeducation of the German people, which obviously must be accomplished from within.

Although they are reluctant to make their plight known, I am swamped by letters from deans, professors, priests, writers, who need help—in many cases not for themselves but for their colleagues, friends and acquaintances. The Dean of a well-known Catholic theological faculty, for instance, sent me a long list of names, some of whom are internationally known. A few pounds of coffee or tea, of fat or of cheese are received with the greatest enthusiasm. It is a grim witness of our times to read letters full of pathetic praise for CARE parcels written by men who formerly were surely not much concerned about food and cooking. Again and again I have noted that even well-known authors confess that they have not yet received any help from abroad.

I shall be glad to transmit parcels to the needy in Germany and other European countries. The various CARE parcels containing food or blankets or woollens each cost \$10.00. Or I shall gladly send addresses for direct help, to those who ask for them.

WALDEMAR GURIAN, *Editor*.
The Review of Politics

B. ALTMAN & CO.

FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK



RAPID

FOOD PARCEL

SERVICE TO ENGLAND

Also to Scotland, Wales or Ireland in
approximately two weeks. Price of each
package includes cost of food, packaging,
handling, insurance and shipping charges.

complete **12.85**

delicacies, main floor

- 1 lb. Package Rice
- 1 lb. Tin Whole Milk Powder
- 1 lb. Package Dried Fruit
- 1 lb. 14 oz. Tin Fruit
- 12-oz. Tin Tongue
- 8 oz. Tin Dried Eggs
- 8 oz. Chocolate Bar
- 1 lb. Tin Cheddar Cheese
- 14 oz. Tin Chicken Fat
- Package of 18 Souplets
- 3 3/4 oz. Tin Portuguese Sardines
- 1 lb. Tin Butter
- 13 oz. Tin Preserves
- 8 oz. Tin Sausage
- 1 lb. Tin Beef Stew

The Stage & Screen

The Heiress

RUTH and Augustus Goetz's present play is drawn from the Henry James novel, "Washington Square", and it seems to me to present the whole nagging problem of *adaptation* succinctly to a critic. I will sum up the quandary this way: if you know (admire, respect) a work in one form, how are you to assess its impact in a translated form? In plainer terms, if you are at heart with a play's novel, how are you to deal with (1) its only readers; (2) its only spectators; (3) its spectator-readers? I wish I knew. Three years ago, concerned with Elizabeth Bowen's absolute novel, "A House In Paris," I hazarded the following (admittedly enraged) canon for this particular wrighting job: "... any play which can possibly be lifted from, *cut* from, a book, may offer some reasonable justification as theater stuff; it is when the reverse process is employed—augmentation of the original material—that fiasco seems inevitable." Now, it is patent that the Biltmore these nights is housing anything but a fiasco, and yet I feel I cannot in all honesty reverse nor change my canon. The play's authors *have* augmented their material and just in so far as they have done so, I feel they have erred. It seems to me they have built a story of sheer human goodness into a drama of revenge. The book's small saga of homely "Catherine," betrayed as much by a venial Aunt as by a scathing Father and useless Lover, is certainly not the one Wendy Hiller and Basil Rathbone are studiously exploring in Raymond Sovey's elegant set, to the sensitive placements of Jed Harris's direction. Firmly wrapped in the most obvious Freudian emphases, this second story is different, its events are different, its heroine is very different—and moreover is shockingly overmannered by the actress (Miss Hiller) in charge. And yet I think the business makes an absorbing play. I feel the fairest comment will be to say that for an "only spectator" the production must appear one of the most serious and interesting on the street. And for the "spectator-reader"—if only for the sake of terminal argument—the same observation should hold. (*at the Biltmore*)

How I Wonder

THE nursery implications of Donald Ogden Stewart's title will give you a pretty good lead, I think, to his play. The business concerns (three guesses?) an astronomer who, vastly upset at the atomic chaos perceptible on this planet, seriously considers throwing up his job, impoverishing his wife and child, taking on big business by dint of a wisecrack, solving the racial question singlehanded, and just loving everybody. Throughout there are underpinnings of that kind of "organized sentimentality" in use among CP members fifteen years ago. In any case, the man has got a personalized mind, faithfully played by that good actor, Everett Sloane. He has got a soul, which is a girl, who speaks with, I think, a Polish accent. And as symbol of his embattled state, he quotes Galileo:

a circumstance which certainly seems somewhat muddled to me. However, there is one very interesting phenomenon, embraced by the piece, which I think needs statement. And this is that the concept of a *liberal* on our stage is rapidly taking on the old Barry-Anderson dimensions of a *poet*. It's all rhapsodic, head-back, cumulatively crescendic, dream stuff. This is all very well, of course, when dealt out in such abstractions as love, beauty, nature, feelings, and life, but when, as here, you get a large rolling roar after God, spoken with the slow professional charm of the Lincolnian Raymond Massey, it honestly seems to me someone ought to sift in a little science for the good of all concerned. I can think of no fairer recommendation than to refer Mr. Stewart to the current Calvinist, Denis de Rougemont, whose book on the Devil examines the theologians, as well as the liberals, and innocents. Nevertheless, as Mr. Rougemont points out, ignorance of (and please note I say *ignorance of*, not *argument with*) theology means "to condemn oneself unwittingly to remaking the spiritual discoveries formulated for more than fifteen hundred years by the Fathers of the Church and the great heretics." However nobly conceived, the play is not even play. It is a mix-drix of ignorances. (*at the Hudson*)

Command Decision

WILLIAM Wister Haines's offering is so far the season's best, and it is excellent to be able to mark it as an original, although I believe the author has drawn it from a published book of his own. Concerned with the facts of war as apprehended by a one-star Air Corps General, who faces the iron decision to deal death to his own men in order to save countless others in a precision bombardment operation over Germany's late jet factories, the piece has tempo, authenticity, guts. And it seems to me to be written with an understanding reality. All of the pressures are presented: Washington, Big Brass, Press, the simple expendable GIs, plus a certain number of *characters*. And yet, (a Shavian point), there isn't a villain in the piece. For such vision, I am prepared to nominate the author for every possible prize, and a deservedly long run. I do think he is hampered by a certain amount of Broadway formula stuff. The play should have been shorter and starker; all of the comedy relief could have been dropped; and, although I have been an admirer of John O'Shaughnessy's directorial talents for a good while now, here I think he has overdone it. People pose for too long, the key speech of the play (a long, grave, informative one) is broken by business, a lot of fancy angles simply get in the audience's way. I wish Kermit Bloomgarden, the producer, could have dared all and let us have it plain: let's say one hour and a half of the business of organized death in the exact and current technical idiom. However, there is no use in strangling the proverbial giftgoose, and I feel it is only important to record that a number of fine acting talents—Paul Kelly, Jay Fasset, Paul McGrath, Edmon Ryan, *et al*—are on hand to give you an intelligent and exciting, stern evening. I think that is worth time and tickets and talk. (*at the Fulton*)

KAPPO PHELAN.

The Quick and the Dead

YOU MAY wonder as I did, when you see "*Magic Town*," why a public opinion gatherer hasn't been the hero of a movie before this. His work makes lively material for a film, and many of the people with whom he comes in contact are indeed characters. In this case, the pollster played by James Stewart is not strictly honorable. He discovers that the town of Grandview is a mathematically perfect capsule of us. He has only to interview a cross-section of its people to learn how the entire nation is thinking. But the thorn that pierces Jimmy's dream to use this magic town to make a fortune is an up-and-coming newspaper editor (Jane Wyman) who also has plans—plans to change Grandview through civic improvements. Jimmy realizes, of course, that Jane's plans for progress will ruin his schemes; so he turns on the Stewart charm, wins the citizens and convinces them that their town is perfect just as it is. What happens to Grandview when Jane discovers and exposes Jimmy's duplicity is just about what you'd expect. It becomes a boom town exploited to the skies—until the bubble bursts, and depression sets in. The last part of this film, when Jimmy and Jane rebuild the town they have practically destroyed, doesn't quite come up to the first part; in fact the sentiment gets pretty maudlin. Evidently Producer Robert Riskin, who also wrote the script, just didn't know what to do with the interesting situation he had got his characters into. In spite of this "*Magic Town*" is a good film. William A. Wellman has directed it well, and the good cast which also includes Ned Sparks, Kent Smith and many others in small rôles, supply plenty of laughs and human interest stuff. In a way, James Stewart does a dangerous thing when he satirizes himself and his particular brand of charm. It will be difficult to take this charm seriously after this, but in "*Magic Town*" we have fun watching him apply it to win friends and influence people.

If you want a mystery thriller as an antidote to charm and sentiment, "*The Unsuspected*" will fill the bill. It has so many unpleasant and slightly psychopathic characters, as well as so many and varied murders during the course of its story, that it should clear the air of any sweetness. This is the kind of a film that is difficult to review because much of its interest comes in its surprises. I don't think it will spoil the plot, however, to tell you that its central character is a radio man, a narrator of murder mysteries, who somehow has himself mixed up with God and with the mysteries he discusses. Claude Rains gives this rôle his all and manages to scare you and the remarkable cast who surround him. Audrey Totter, Joan Caulfield, Constance Bennett, Hurd Hatfield and several others cross and recross Rains's path. Because Director Michael Curtiz wanted to keep this movie, which was based on Charlotte Armstrong's novel, as mysterious as possible, he fell several times into the error of making it so mysterious that we can't quite follow it. And by the time Michael North, a very handsome and dimpled newcomer who plays the juvenile lead, turns out to be not at all the person we thought he was, we got lost in the welter of false clues in this fantastic story. How-

ever, if you like a thriller that's loaded with snappy dialogue and evil machinations, you could see one that is much worse than "*The Unsuspected*."

You could, in fact, see "*Seven Keys to Baldpate*" which is much worse than any mystery film I've witnessed in a long time. Years ago I rather liked this novel about the novelist who went to a deserted hotel in winter and discovered it was crawling with characters and no place to write a book. I don't know whether time has staled the story or whether this poor production is more responsible for this dud of a movie. The acting is almost amateurish; and the plot not only falls flat but is too silly to hold your attention for even half of its running time.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

The Labor Movement

Reuther, Steel and Auto

ONE OF the reasons Walter Reuther, embattled young president of the United Auto Workers, cio, will probably defeat his adversaries at the November convention of that union is the fact that he has an excellent publicity agent, Frank Winn. Another reason is that he gives Winn plenty to publicize.

Hardly a week goes by that a labor editor doesn't find in his mail one or more releases telling him about the latest statement made by Walter Reuther. And they are usually pretty good statements.

One of the most recent was a vigorous blast at the auto industry, which the articulate redhead tagged as "an equally guilty partner with the steel industry in a conspiracy of planned scarcity in America." In another statement, a few weeks before, Reuther had charged the steel tycoons with encouraging a depression by their policy of cutting production and raising prices at a time when the critical shortage of steel calls for a sizable boost in production.

The auto workers are of course hit right in the stomach by this steel shortage. As a result of it there have been lay-offs for thousands of UAW members at Ford, General Motors, Chrysler, Hudson, Packard and other plants. Reuther points out that in 1940 and '41 the auto industry's quota of total steel tonnage was 41 percent. Today it has dropped to 33 percent.

THE MUSICAL HIT

OKLAHOMA!

Evenings at 8:30—\$4.80, \$3.60, \$3.00, \$2.40, \$1.80, \$1.20
Matinee Thursday at 2:30—\$3.00, \$2.40, \$1.80, \$1.20
Matinee Saturday at 2:30—\$3.60, \$3.00, \$2.40, \$1.80, \$1.20

ST. JAMES THEATRE

44th Street West of Broadway.
Matinees Thursday and Saturday.

"A very funny play, brilliantly written, acted and staged."
—Robert Garland, *Journal-American*.

MAX GORDON Presents

BORN YESTERDAY

The Hilarious Comedy Hit by GARSON KANIN
LYCEUM THEA. 45th St. E. of B'way. CH. 4-4256

Evenings 8:40.

Matinees Wednesday and Saturday 2:40

And yet, says he, "with the one exception of Henry Kaiser, not one auto manufacturer has raised his voice in protest. Instead of positive action to correct the situation, they announce another lay-off—with pious regrets, of course—slap another increase on the price of cars and rake in the most enormous profits in the history of the industry."

Reuther also charges that there are now 7 million tons of idle steel capacity and that the steel industry is counting on only 77 million tons for 1950. The US Department of Commerce, which since the departure of Wallace and the arrival of Harriman can scarcely be accused of being wild-eyed, says that by 1950 we will need 99 million tons. It also says that if the steel industry does not change its tune, we will have 14,000,000 unemployed in 1950.

This would seem to be a pretty serious matter. If the steel and auto industries have a good comeback handy, they should hire new publicity men, because whatever it is, good or bad, it hasn't reached this corner.

Sooner or Later

IT IS sometimes difficult to stir up much concern in a trade union over communist leadership, because in certain cases the communists involved are capable, hard-working guys who get results for the membership and who, when judged by the labor-czar tactics of some AFL leaders, seem to be fairly democratic in their methods of administration.

Those who kid themselves along these lines might have had the dew dashed from their eyes last month by the spectacle put on by the CP officials of the United Electrical Radio & Machine Workers, CIO, at their convention in Boston. What they did was to put through a resolution which warns the anti-communist opposition that if it does not stop calling them communists and fellow-travelers, which they are, they will throw it out of the union.

It is simply a question of time. An apple tree will bear apples sooner or later, and sooner or later a communist will behave like a communist.

On the Waterfront

THERE ARE a lot of Catholic orators who should have attended the sessions of another convention this month, that of the National Maritime Union, CIO, in which Joe Curran, the president, and a few other officers are carrying on a valiant struggle to save that union from what was formerly a solid stranglehold enjoyed by the Stalinists.

This convention might have persuaded some of these orators that most of their oratory about "the red menace," which they get off before multitudes of the safe and the converted, is accomplishing little or nothing. Where we need the orators, and where we conspicuously haven't got them, is on the floor of conventions like this one.

It is, for example, a bleeding shame that in this fight Curran must rely almost entirely, for brains and energy and eloquence, on himself and a group of men who received their training from the very Party that they are now fighting. The ACTU has failed to do a job. So too, with far less excuse, have the Apostleship of the Sea and Catholic seamen's clubs that it operates in the various ports of America. Why the seamen don't go to these clubs, why those who do have received so little in the way of training or inspiration, these are questions that

some people should ask themselves—and soon. Take it from one who has seen with his own eyes and heard with his own ears: the Communist Party is way ahead of the Catholic Church on the waterfront.

JOHN C. CORT.

Books of the Week

I Distinctly Remember: A Family Album of the American People 1918-1941. Agnes Rogers and Frederick Lewis Allen. Harpers. \$5.00.

DISTINCTLY? It's a challenging word, isn't it? Of course, it's hardly worth arguing about. . . . But I *do* remember.

I remember, for example, the raw, wet morning of December 21, 1918; that day a pushy little red-headed soldier was "demobilized." I can even recall his serial number—51 34 803. (That's how it was pronounced, but it was written solid, without spaces, without commas; 5134803.) Right after Christmas this red-head, with a red chevron on his left sleeve to show that he was now an "ex-serviceman," went back to the university as a member of the junior class—a little kid, no higher than this, no wider than that, but "as cocky as they make 'em." He was, I must say, excessively belligerent. But he had sufficient grace to take his degree in the June of 1920; and, a little tardily, perhaps, he came of age in the following October. He campaigned (in a small way) for Harding; but in the end he voted for Cox, because he violently resented the story put out by certain Republican leaders over in Jersey that "orders have gone forth" from the Vatican that all American Catholics were to vote for the League of Nations, which the Pope would presently seize control of and convert into a super-State. He was a fiery-tempered kid. I should have told you that meanwhile, soon after leaving school, he had become a newspaperman.

And the point of all this is that he's still a newspaperman. And he's still belligerent enough to insist that he remembers *very* distinctly the year of grace 1919 (it was the year of the "ex-officer," life was slow in getting started again, Red was strumming the piano in the rooms of the Philomathean Society, and the city was singing: "Vamp, and swing along!"); and remembers even more distinctly the year that followed, 1920 (the excitement over Article X was as great as the excitement over Sinn Fein, and "Tea for Two" was the popular song in Philadelphia. But for Red, of course, there was that last, heart-breaking: "Thee, when Death summons us, others shall praise! Hail, Pennsylvania, through endless days!"). And this ex-red-head further insists that—having taken, as it were, a professional interest in them—he remembers quite a few of the events that distinguished the period from 1920 straight on down to the attack on Pearl Harbor. In short, Red claims to be rather familiar with that whole period of American history which this book essays to cover, to illustrate and portray.

And Red, whose bad manners are always embarrassing his friends, is one of those unpleasant fellows who ask questions; for example, *how* distinctly do the present authors remember? They never mention Jimmy Cox, who got Red's first vote back in 1920; yet Cox was that year a figure of tremendous interest, his three-letter name a joy to every head-line writer in the land. And they blithely

pass over the fact that four years later, in the scorching summer of 1924, there was a Democratic National Convention that sat for an unconscionably long time at New York ("Alabama, twenty-four for Underwood!"); and that Charlie Bryan delivered himself of a penetrating analysis of that complex situation: "It ain't the heat, it's the humidity!" It sent gales of laughter echoing through the Middle West; it became, to the trans-Appalachian mind the very epitome of New York.

★

On the other hand, these authors show Harry Truman in 1920 standing beside the counter in his Kansas City haberdashery. But Harry Truman was *not* a part of the picture then, and it's a false touch to include him in any portrait of 1920. This method of pumping back into the past an interest which the time itself was innocent of, an interest which belongs essentially to a later date, annoys the life out of Red, who was particularly affronted by the solemn announcement, slap up at the beginning of this book, that in the year or two that followed the First World War there were no radios, no talkies, none of a long, dreary catalog of other items proper to 1947. Red makes the point that the American people of 1920, their minds quite full of the wonderful things they did have (including hope for the future), never missed a single one of the things the future was yet to bring forth. (Their mistake, indeed, was the precisely opposite one of sneering at the past, which one of the minor prophets of the hour had just called "a bucket of ashes.") "And if you're going to do the portrait of a day, of a month, or a year," says Red, "you've got to seize upon, and hit off, the character of the time, and of the life the people led at that moment. You've got to give us the proper qualities of light and color, and you haven't any right, for the sake of a vivid contrast, to reflect into the picture the light and color of another time; to set up shadows that exist only as the result of a literary trick."

I must say that I agree with Red on this point. If the authors of this book had only allowed their story to unfold, they'd have given us a truer picture and they'd have had a much better story to boot. A tremendously important thing in matters of this kind is the precise order and sequence in which developments occur; and a positive disease of too many present-day writers is their failure to see this; their slavery to the Hearst-invented fiction that all history culminates in "today," that the past has no existence except in immediate relation to "today," and that the way to begin a story, therefore, is to begin at the end—to kick off with "today" and let chronology fend for itself.

Mr. Allen (who is the editor of *Harper's Magazine*) and Miss Rogers (who in private life is Mrs. Allen) begin by announcing: "This book is a panorama of American life during the years of peace from 1918 to 1941." It's an awkwardly big book; it's over 12 inches tall and won't fit the ordinary book-shelf. And its 500 pictures, "assembled," by Miss Rogers, consist mainly of photographs; for the rest, there is a fair scattering of cartoons, fashion plates, advertisements and other items. The impression I have is of a carefully studied arrangement that seeks to make the best of a rather inadequate collection.

The "running comment," a more or less connected story which appears here as a kind of obbligate to the pic-

ture story, is by Mr. Allen, and runs, according to the jacket, to 37,000 words. I am conscious of the praise heaped upon it by the generality of New York reviewers. I find it very disappointing.

I suggest that any competent newspaperman could have done a better job than this. All he would have had to do is rewrite the year-end histories published on successive New Year's days by the better New York papers, and work into it—to give the thing a great look of erudition—a bit of stuff out of the *World Almanac*, the *Americana* and the *International Year Book*. A newspaperman is accustomed to this work, for his daily job is ever a business of rounding up facts, whipping them about and at last parading them forth in organized, orderly battalions. Like Chesterton, the newspaperman thanks God for cold facts; thinks it a worthy calling to establish and record them, and day after day keeps rolling up the facts without ever caring what the facts may prove in the end.

But a magazine editor is supposed to consider the facts; his job is to get at their meaning, to uncover trends and perceive the larger pattern of events, to trace relationships visible and invisible, to see where the facts are leading us. In short, his job is to find, and to enunciate, the truth made manifest by each particular set of facts—the truth which, as it were, *inhabits* these facts. And if this is not his job, then I simply ask: What is a magazine editor for? What, indeed, is a magazine for?

Essentially, Mr. Allen's "running comment" is not, in the sense I have indicated, a *truth* job; it's merely a *fact* job. What I looked for in opening this book, and what, I suggest, I had a right to look for, was the penetrating vision, the skilful generalization, that would inwardly light up, and reveal the character of, the years depicted. Well, I just found it disappointing.

And, belligerently, Red says the book isn't worth \$5.

I may add that I never allow Red to say out loud what I do not concur in.

DAVID MARSHALL.

Saint Thomas Aquinas. Gerald Vann, O.P. Foreword by Rev. Charles A. Hart. Benziger. \$3.00.

WITH the exception of the foreword, this book is a reprint of the 1940 edition of Father Vann's popular little work on Saint Thomas Aquinas. After a rather long introduction of 36 pages we are presented with some considerations on Saint Thomas the man, on his material and work, and finally on Thomism today—four chapters in all. The new foreword by Dr. Hart of the Catholic University of America is entitled: Neoscholastic philosophy in American Catholic culture.

Father Vann's purpose in writing this book is to show how authentic Thomism can serve as an ideal synthesis between the East and the West. For a long time these two have drifted apart, culturally, religiously, and politically. The East with its fondness for contemplation needs the balance that comes from sober practicality. The West with its over-indulgence in exterior activity has lost contact with the spiritual and metaphysical roots of man, with a consequent loss of the true meaning and purpose of human life. One needs the other, and an understanding between the two can be brought about by the perfectly balanced philosophy of Saint Thomas Aquinas. He not only synthesizes rational and intuitive reality, but he incorporates into his synthesis the love of knowledge in his view of the approach of the mind to

the creature for the Creator. It is here that the union of East and West, of other worldliness and humanism, can be ultimately achieved.

The book leans a little heavily upon M. Gilson and others for quotations, but we cannot deny that the author has presented an interesting thesis in an interesting way. Dr. Hart's foreword is valuable historically. It gives a sketch of the Neo-scholastic movement with special reference to America. Dr. Hart's conclusion is that, with a few notable exceptions, secular institutions of higher learning in America have contributed little to the revival of the perennial philosophy which the world is so much in need of today, if western civilization is to survive.

WILLIAM R. O'CONNOR.

The Inner Forum

For the Good of the Whole

JUST AS a teacher looks toward maximum accomplishment in her pupils, or a doctor works for restoration of health in his patient, so in practically every rule or constitution of any religious congregation, the perfection of the individual is made the first objective. This, considering spiritual values, is because no talent or genius, no skill or accomplishment, no education, experience, prestige or wealth possessed by a subject could ever be of more value to the community than the tiniest jewel of humility or obedience or of charity adorning the soul of its most obscure member.

In faith, we take for granted the truth of the foregoing statement; but we must forestall a possible attempt to twist it out of its original meaning, and (as result of the twisting) to maintain: "Oh—but the individual must be sacrificed to the good of the whole." True. But that fact is not a contradiction to the thesis that only in so far as the individual is perfected and developed can he contribute to the benefit of the group. It is erratic to suppose that mere sacrifice—in the sense of destruction or repression or annihilation—could ever help a whole organization.

True, a favorite term in the last war was "expendable." But a soldier who loses his life for his country is a soldier who fulfils his individual duty in the accomplishment of an objective. Sometimes in stressing the value of humility in the most obscure member, we seem to imply that prestige, talent, and all desirable accidental traits are in contradistinction to moral virtues. Actually, the greatest degrees of humility, obedience, and charity are likely to be found in those subjects who are most skilful, or intellectual, or experienced. Saint Teresa was soundly right, psychologically as well as theologically, when she claimed she preferred an intellectual subject to a "pious" one. Who has not despaired at the intransigence of fanatic devotion coupled with the narrow stubbornness of a mediocre intelligence?

Reasoning still on a false premise of "the good of the whole, not that of the individual" some have made answer: "But the good of the whole must be considered first—no one person would be permitted to ruin a community, no matter how much it would be considered to her benefit."

Such a conclusion is obviously beside the point: it would not be to the individual's benefit to ruin a community. It could not be, unless the community deserved to be

ruined. Of course, we are not talking here of the fancied benefit of any one deluded individual. We are facing the fundamental fact that any institution or organization is made up of individuals, just as the Church herself is made up of individuals.

Sociologists consider the progress of culture as a circular pattern, harmonious in outline, but dis-harmonious in some of its contrasting details. The pattern is made up of reactionaries, vested interests (which are apt to consider candor a disruptive force), of progressives (only too likely to be dubbed revolutionary), of conservatives, and radicals. All fulfil not only their own individuality, but contribute to the good of the group by injecting the necessary stimulus and variety. Even the progress of time is measured in circular motion, but Tennyson's "the kiss of toothed wheels" might be sometimes interpreted as something not quite so symbolic of peace as a kiss. It might be the grip, or the bite of toothed wheels, for example.

But Holy Mother Church does not consider her children only as cogs in a wheel or links in a chain. We are baptized not as an indiscriminate mass, but as individuals. To submerge the man into the mass leaves one open to the charge of totalitarianism. The Church sets in motion the many tentacles of her organism to gain converts to the faith. Why? Because it is of advantage to the Church? Yes—in a way. But primarily to save souls—and souls are saved as individuals. Not that she could ever be accused of disregard for the welfare of body and mind. It is for the benefit of the soul that she trains her ministers of health—of mind and body—as well as of spiritual affairs. In fact, to gain her ultimate end of saving and sanctifying souls, she orders her missionaries to perfect themselves in those arts and skills that could best serve the need of body and mind. In her collect for the Nineteenth Sunday after Pentecost, she has us pray: "*O almighty and merciful God, in Thy goodness keep us, we beseech Thee from all things hurtful; that we, being ready both in body and soul, may accomplish those things which belong to Thy service.*" Be it noted that here also the individual so trained for service receives the first benefit of the training in his own mind and body and soul, whether or not he passes it on effectually.

In this physical and intellectual field of activity, the Church is imitated and perhaps at times and for a time surpassed by the secular and scientific efforts of those outside the field. The preservation of human life—of even one human life—causes all other interests to be set aside in an emergency. In a mine accident, flood, or other catastrophe, the State sets in motion all the powers embodied in fire departments, police, militia, hospital faculties, for rescue and relief. This contrast to the wholesale taking of life in the dropping of a bomb furnishes proof of the inconsistency of the human race, but it does declare the primeval importance of the individual.

Our Savior stresses this doctrine in His assertion: the body is more than the raiment, the life more than the meat. The hairs of our head are numbered. Not a sparrow falls to the ground unnoted by the Father—"and ye are of more value than many sparrows."

Here the objection might be raised that the concentration of the individual upon his own importance would induce a propensity to find one's satisfaction in the inner life of thought and fancy, thus paralyzing any extroverted activities for the benefit of the whole. The answer is: it is only by a sort of centripetal force (to borrow a botanical explanation: by developing and expanding successively

upward and inward toward the summit or center) that the individual can build up strength and inspiration to serve the interests of the group. We come back to the first proposition: that the perfection of the individual is the only real contribution to the group.

The totalitarian state would speak of the whole organism as a loaf of bread: the individuals must be crushed, lose their identity in a composite whole, as colors lose themselves in a blend, or as hydrogen and oxygen lose their own essences in the combination to form water. Our Lord's own words might be quoted in defense of this:

"Unless the grain of wheat, falling into the ground, die . . ." but it is important to remember that the grain of wheat was to die only in order to produce more of its own kind, and the comparison cannot be applied literally, any more than any metaphor is applicable in all details. The destruction of a human soul could not produce other souls.

★

The absolute fusion of the individual into the mass could be advocated only by those who do not take into consideration the individuality and indivisibility of the human soul: whether that soul rises to the height of self-sacrifice and perfect union with God in the service of God directly, or of God through the neighbor; or whether it sinks to the depths of selfishness and degradation. It still does not lose its identity, it still does not fuse into another substance.

Saint Paul had cognizance of the union of will and purpose but also of distinct identities when he cried: "The eye cannot say to the foot: 'I have no need of thee.'" It is a poetic and pitiful fallacy to consider ourselves crushed grains of wheat, with the defeatist idea that a pulplike condition is the ultimate desideratum.

In the edifice of sanctity, the foundation, the cornerstone, the walls, partitions, and roof might be planned and executed with consummate skill into one perfect whole—but that does not mean that all the parts of the building are dissolved into an indistinguishable mass. The foundation or the cornerstone can contribute its part to the building only by being a foundation or a cornerstone; in fact, the more perfectly either fulfils its own characteristic purpose, the better it contributes to the good of the whole.

Susan Blow, in her "Study of Dante," presents the idea under the form of a paradox: "The key-note of all Christian thought is the recognition of the double truth of man's present abasement and his exalted destiny . . . when we are weak, we are strong; when dead to self, we are most alive to God." She interprets the theme of the Divine Comedy as a concentration of the universe on the development of the individual. She claims, "Creation is not a kingdom, but a school; its consummation is not allegiance to—but identification with the divine." Hence the centering of effort is on the perfecting of the pupils in that school, not on the glorification of a human leader as in a kingdom.

In the gradual process of perfecting, however, there is also the complementary development of a centrifugal force: This is illustrated in many places in the Divine Comedy, but particularly in the "Paradiso." When Justinian the lawgiver answers Dante in the heaven of Mercury, he says: "Caesar I was; I am Justinian," thus separating the person from the function, but making clear

YALE

★ "Comprehensive, factual and devastating." ★

—Foster Rhea Dulles,
N. Y. Herald Tribune Book Review

FORCED LABOR IN SOVIET RUSSIA

By DAVID J. DALLIN
and BORIS I. NICOLAEVSKY

"An important book . . . contains information which is essential for an adequate understanding of the nature of the world we inhabit . . . itemizes by chapter and verse conditions which many deluded men insist on ignoring at the price of their own intellectual honesty."

—Orville Prescott, N. Y. Times.

2nd printing • \$3.75 • At all bookstores

YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS

New Haven • Connecticut
Publishers of The Yale Review

★

★

What about Judgment Day? When our Lord will say: "What you have done to My least Brethren you have done it to Me!" How glad then you'll be for the Kits which you gave. For an offering of \$30 you can send one to a missionary. Address. The Rev. Edward F. Garesche, S. J., President, Catholic Medical Mission Board, 10 West 17th St., New York 11, N. Y.

SCHOOL OF SACRED THEOLOGY
for Sisters and Lay-women
SAINT MARY'S COLLEGE, NOTRE DAME
Holy Cross, Indiana
Prerequisites: A degree of Bachelor of Arts
 A reading knowledge of Latin

ANNHURST COLLEGE
SOUTH WOODSTOCK, CONNECTICUT
Accredited College Conducted by the Daughters of the Holy Ghost
 Liberal Arts College for Women. Courses: Language and Literature;
 Natural and Social Sciences; Pre-Medical; Preparation for Social
 Service; Teacher Training for High School. Majors: English, French,
 Spanish, Latin; Biology, Chemistry, Mathematics; History, Sociology.
 Unusual opportunities in French.
 Address: Office of The Dean, Box 569, Putnam, Conn.

IMMACULATA
JUNIOR
COLLEGE
Washington, D. C.
SEMINARY—Four Year College Preparatory
Dunblane Hall—Grades 1 to 8. Address: The Secretary.

Readers in Metropolitan New York:
 Each Monday, 7:15 to 7:30 p.m.
 An editor of THE COMMONWEAL speaks over
WFUV
Fordham University's New FM Station
90.1 Megacycles — Channel 211

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933 AND JULY 2, 1946, OF THE COMMONWEAL, published weekly, at New York, N. Y. for October 1, 1947. State of New York, County of New York: ss.

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Edward S. Skillin, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of THE COMMONWEAL, and that the following is to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily, weekly, semiweekly or triweekly newspaper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912 as amended by the Acts of March 3, 1933 and July 2, 1946. (1) section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:
 Publisher, THE COMMONWEAL Publishing Co., Inc., 386 4th Ave., New York 16, N. Y. Editor, Edward S. Skillin, 386 4th Ave., New York 16, N. Y. Managing Editor, C. G. Paulding, 386 4th Ave., New York 16, N. Y. Business Manager, Edward S. Skillin, 386 4th Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) THE COMMONWEAL Publishing Co., Inc., 386 Fourth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.; Philip Burnham, 386 4th Ave., New York 16, N. Y.; David Burnham, 3 E. 69th St., New York 21, N. Y.; Mrs. Kathleen Casey Craig, Lane's End, Sewickley, Pa.; Helen C. Ormond, 4 Gramercy Park, New York, 3, N. Y.; Edwards Skillin, 386 4th Ave., New York 16, N. Y.; Otto L. Spaeth, 640 Park Ave., New York 21, N. Y.; J. Sanford Shanley, 140 Cedar St., New York 4, N. Y.; Gregory B. Smith, 1 E. 57 St., New York 3, N. Y.; Edward S. Skillin, 386 4th Ave., New York 16, N. Y.; Otto L.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none so state). None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the names of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner, and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is 11,767. (This information required from daily, weekly, semiweekly and triweekly newspapers only.)

EDWARD S. SKILLIN,
 Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1947.
 HENRY A. WEILLER.

(My commission expires March 30, 1949.)

that only when he was in harmony with God did he get the inspiration to do the job of "withdrawing from out the Laws excess and inefficiency."

By seven centuries did Dante forestall the doctrine of suppressed desires and the need of proper vocational training, when he put on the lips of Charles Martel the complaint: "But ye wrench to a religious order him born to gird the sword, and make a king of him who should be trained for eloquence—wherefore your track runneth abroad the road."

But in the ideal recognition of the true place of the individual, Susan Blow outlines three stages in his progress: First, each thing exists not for itself alone, but for all things. This is evidenced in Piccarda's answer: "So that our being thus, from threshold unto threshold throughout the realm, is a joy to all the realm as to the king, who draweth our wills to what he willeth."

Second, in the heaven of the Just, the concept "I" and "mine" merge into "we" and "our"; then "each man finds in total humanity the realization of his own highest self."

But the fruition is attained when Dante and his guide reach the heaven of the Contemplative: "That consummate moment of heavenly experience when the individual soul expands to the measure of the divine fulness, and, enriched by the total experience of humanity, incarnates total humanity within itself."

It is only the mystic that arrives at practical realization of such a possibility that he can cry out with Saint John of the Cross: "The heavens are mine, the earth is mine, and the nations are mine; mine are the just, and the sinners are mine; mine are the angels, and the Mother of God; all things are mine, God Himself is mine and for me. What does thou then ask for, what does thou seek, O my Soul? All is thine, all is for thee; do not take less, nor rest with the crumbs which fall from the table of thy Father. Go forth and exult in thy glory, hide thyself in it and rejoice, and thou shalt obtain all the desires of thy heart," and thus, coming back to a sublimated introversion, he completes the divine cycle.

SISTER M. MARGUERITE, RSM.

John Broderick, who for a number of months served as Assistant Managing Editor of The Commonwealth, has left to take a position on the editorial staff of the New Yorker. With this current issue Philip Burnham returns to full-time status as Executive Editor of this magazine.

CONTRIBUTORS

Norah Meade CORCORAN, a New York newspaper woman, was born in Ireland and has recently returned from a trip in that country.

G. E. R. GEDYE, the well-known foreign correspondent, is at present a representative of the London Daily Herald for Central and Southeastern Europe.

Jessica POWERS is a poet and a Carmelite nun, whose name in religion is Sister Miriam of the Holy Spirit.

Sister M. MARGUERITE, R.S.M., is a teacher at Mount Saint Agnes College, Mount Washington, Maryland.

David MARSHALL is a veteran newsman with the New York Sun and author of a recent book, "Grand Central."

Rev. William R. O'CONNOR teaches at St. Joseph's Seminary, Dunwoodie, and is author of a current volume on Saint Thomas Aquinas.



Photograph by SARRA

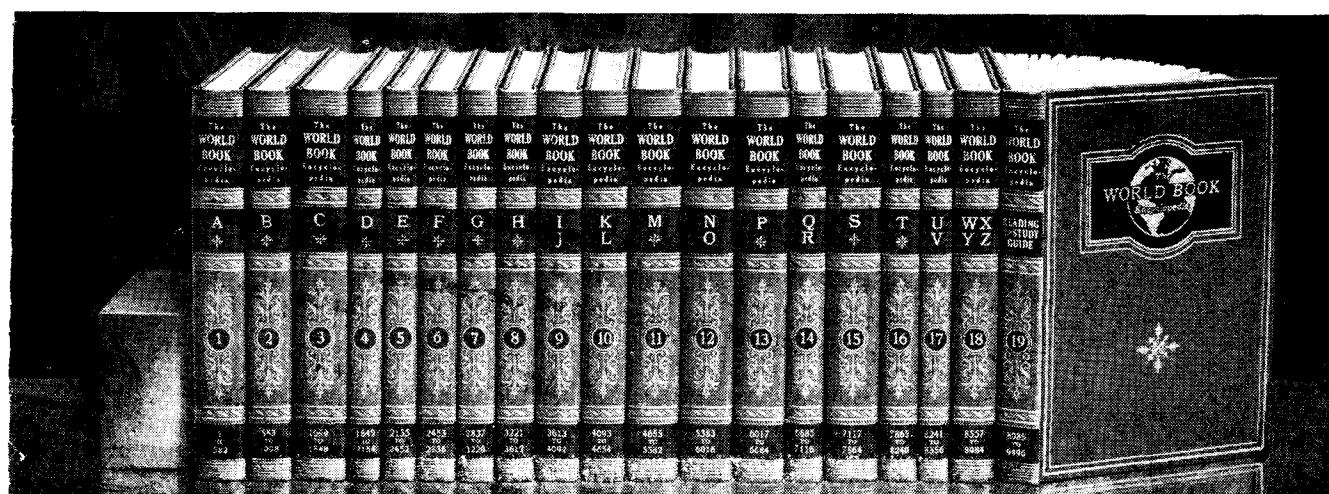
World Book Encyclopedia

... because 9 out of 10 families report their children advance more rapidly with
THE WORLD BOOK

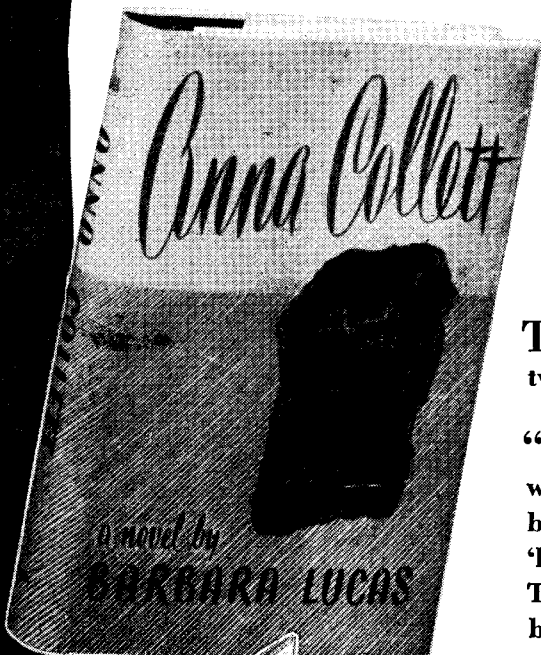
In a recent survey, parents all over the United States were asked whether their children had benefited from having **THE WORLD BOOK**. 88% said "Yes!" They reported their children advanced more rapidly, got better grades, were more interested in school work.

Now you can recommend **THE WORLD BOOK** with even greater confidence. For the completely new **WORLD BOOK** is finer than ever before in its 30-year

history. Not merely a revision—it has been completely rebuilt from cover to cover. New page format and size; new, easy-to-read type; new printing plates throughout; new articles and pictures by the thousand; new and larger maps; new beautiful, durable bindings. Get your order in early! Demand still exceeds our printing capacity. The World Book Encyclopedia, 35 East Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, Illinois.



Completely New Produced at a cost of more than \$2,000,000!



Anna Collett

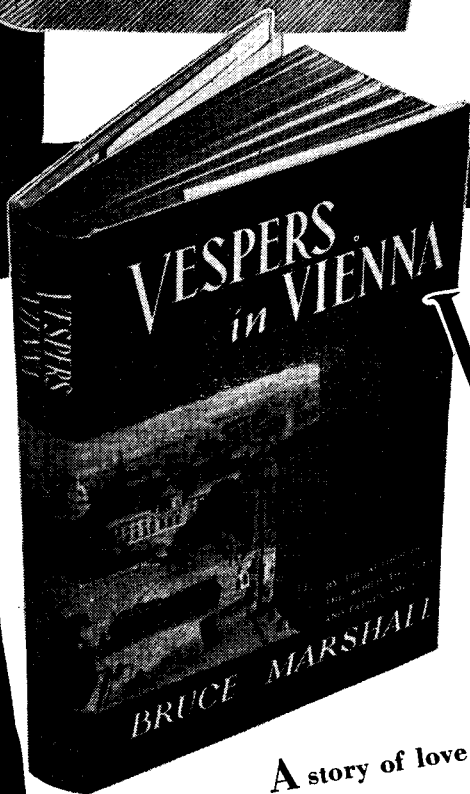
By Barbara Lucas

The story of a good woman and her struggle between her love and her faith.

"English fiction was pretty dead between the two wars, and novels like these may be a sign of new beginnings. There is nothing grandiose in them; no 'broad canvas' or 'rich tapestry' or 'epic sweep'. They have simple themes and village backgrounds, but, like good paintings, they contain a world."

N. Y. Herald Tribune

\$2.75



A Book-of-the-Month Club Selection

VESPERS in VIENNA

By Bruce Marshall

Author of "The World, the Flesh, and Father Smith"

A story of love and faith in modern Vienna.

"In its message it is entirely a good book, sometimes a beautiful book, often a wise one . . . His book is a prayer for mankind. All this Mr. Marshall says with great eloquence and earnestness."

Charles Lee, N. Y. Times

\$2.75

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY · PUBLISHERS

At all bookstores

